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Harriet Elizabeth Caryl

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HARRIET ELIZABETH CARYL
ABOUT 1900

HARRIET ELIZABETH CARYL

A MEMORIAL OF

Harriet Elizabeth Caryl

1834–1918

ARRANGED BY

Florence Dix	Class of 1868
Alice M. Dickey	Class of 1876
Katharine H. Shute	Class of 1879

Of the Girls' High School, Boston

BOSTON

Privately Printed

1919

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HARRIET ELIZABETH CARYL

Tribute beyond the bounds of rhyme,
To our Sweet Saint of modern time,
Whose life itself in rhythmic flow,
A benediction doth bestow.

"Go forth in peace," that life doth say
"In childlike trust pursue thy way,
E'en though it lead through gloom and night —
Abiding faith brings inward light."

Alice M. Dickey, '76

HARRIET ELIZABETH CARYL

It is not what the best men do, but what they are, that constitutes their truest benefaction to their fellowmen. It is the lives like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being up to which we look, and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

ABOUT ninety years ago, a young man by the name of Lucian Willard Caryl came to Boston to study medicine. He was a country boy, a native of Barnard, Vermont, and a graduate of Union College, New York. At the close of his medical course, he served for a year as house physician at the Massachusetts General Hospital. During this time, he met, and soon after married, Miss Frances Amelia Whitney, one of five daughters living with their parents in a dignified old house on Myrtle Street.

After their marriage, Lucian Caryl and his wife went to Buffalo, New York, where he practiced medicine, spending many of his spare hours in the study of mathematics and astronomy, in both of which he was deeply interested and unusually proficient. Here in Buffalo, on the 21st of November, 1834, a little daughter was born, who was named Harriet Elizabeth. But long before the little girl could begin to share with him the pursuits in which she, herself, later showed such marked ability — indeed, even be-

fore she was old enough to remember him — the young father died; then the stricken young wife broke up the home so recently established and with her little daughter went to Ohio, where they remained for two years, living with relatives.

When Harriet was between four and five years of age, she came with her mother to Boston, to make her home with the grandparents on Myrtle Street, and found herself an only child in a family of rather serious grown-up people. Hers was a very delicate childhood, so delicate that her mother was at times seriously apprehensive as to her future. She was, however, sent to a primary school on Revere Street, where she conducted herself in a very docile manner until an act of injustice on the part of her teacher resulted in the quiet but deliberate revolt of the little girl. She was naturally very shy, and on this occasion she did not take her mother into her confidence, deciding to play truant on her own responsibility. For a part of one weary but independent day she sat about upon doorsteps in the neighborhood (judiciously avoiding those belonging to her grandfather's house) until an observant neighbor reported the child's nomadic course to the family at home. Then Harriet made a clean breast of the whole matter to her mother, found the necessary understanding and sympathy, and was reinstated in school. Every pupil of Miss Caryl can testify that this early love of justice bore rich fruit in later years, and

none who studied under her wise guidance can fail to recall her intense personal sympathy with Samuel Adams and other sticklers for justice of his strenuous times.

From the primary school the child went to the Bowdoin Grammar School, where, although still seriously hampered by ill health, she became warmly interested in her studies. In addition to the regulation grammar-school curriculum of the time, which consisted of "the three R's" and geography, she studied a little Latin, and algebra, and history.

She was graduated from the Bowdoin School at the age of sixteen, and then entered a school of design, but when it became known that a high school, or "Normal School," as it was cautiously called at first, was to be opened for Boston girls, her mother at once decided to send her to this new school. This was a bold step for a mother of that day to take, and the opening of that school was a memorable occasion in the history of public education for women. To quote from the "History of the Girls' High School," written by Miss Lucy R. Woods: "In 1825, the good city of Boston allowed its girls to attend the public schools but six months in the year, from April to October. The Rev. John Pierpont proposed the establishment of a 'public school for the instruction of girls in the higher departments of science and literature.' The committee reported favorably, the city appropriated two thousand dollars,

and in January, 1826, the school was established, but instead of ninety candidates, the largest number that had ever presented themselves for admission to the Boys' High School, nearly three hundred girls appeared at the appointed place, on Washington's Birthday, 1826. One hundred and thirty were admitted. This experiment was short-lived. In vain the committee raised the standard of requirements for admission, and both raised and limited the age of admission. The numbers increased. Mayor Quincy was alarmed. 'No city could stand the expense,' he declared. In 1828 it was discontinued. To many friends of education this was a great blow. So great was the influence of Boston in educational matters, that the discontinuance of this school no doubt retarded the whole movement in the country for the higher education of girls at municipal expense. Nearly a quarter of a century passed. In 1852 Boston's population numbered one hundred and thirty thousand, and the first superintendent of schools made known the need of a place where young women might be trained as teachers for the primary and grammar schools, and in September the Normal School began its career."

In regard to Miss Caryl's early days in this school, one of her pupils, Miss Lilias Page, writes:

"Harriet Caryl entered the Normal School at its opening and she and her classmates well un-

derstood that upon what they did, depended the future education of the girls of Boston; they began this new experiment in education with a spirit of adventure and a sense of responsibility, and they were determined not to fail.

"It was with this stimulus of adventure and responsibility that Harriet Caryl walked down Joy Street every morning, passed the old Hancock House, then standing on Beacon Street near the State House, crossed the Common, then surrounded by dignified residences, and entered the Mason Street School. We now know the building as the School Committee building, but in those days there was no steep, forbidding staircase, towering above you as you opened the front door, but a wide, welcoming corridor leading back to windows that overlooked an open bricked court. At the end of the corridor, you turned to the left to rooms occupied in part by the Boston Public Library, while to the right were the rooms of the old Natural History Building, later to be used by the school. Both were buildings of delightful irregularity, containing rooms of curious shapes and sizes, reached by unexpected passages. The past seemed to permeate every corner of this clustered building; and a secluded, leisurely quiet hung over the bricked open court, walled in by the Boston Theatre and other high buildings, where the girls strolled about during recess, eating lunches brought from home in folding tin lunch boxes.

"Under Loring Lothrop as master and with Margaret Badger and Frances Bacon as classmates, Harriet Caryl spent three years as a

pupil in the school. These were the days of Committee men like Theodore Parker, who often would take a class in Latin or mathematics for the pleasure of teaching. They were the days of the Fugitive Slave Law and of the eloquence of Daniel Webster; the days of the work of Horace Mann, who planned the educational system not only for Massachusetts, but also for the great republic of Argentina, where his system is followed to this day; they were the days when European liberals, like Carl Schurz, came to the United States from Austria, Italy, and Germany, after the rising for liberty in those countries, in 1848, had been crushed; liberals who became valuable citizens of our country, and later, important aids in our war of 1861 for preserving the Union. We can well imagine the quick response of Harriet Caryl's young nature to all these stirring currents of the time."

Miss Caryl's three years as a student in this school were inexpressibly happy years. She loved her studies; she was modestly conscious of the good opinion of her teachers; and best of all she enjoyed her schoolmates with genuine girlish enthusiasm, losing with them the shyness and reserve which had characterized her relations with other people to a somewhat unusual degree. It was in these happy, ardent, fruitful years that she "found herself." To quote from Mrs. Ellen F. Brown, one of her classmates:

"Hattie Caryl! What tender memories this name recalls to one who was her classmate and

friend in the dear old days of the Girls' High School. Without doubt there was no one of the class so loved and respected by the committee, teachers, and pupils as was Miss Caryl. Quiet and unassuming in her ways, a close student, a genial companion, always a true friend, and especially so in time of need, she won all our hearts. Were a fellow classmate or a pupil in another grade in trouble, who so quick to find it out as Hattie, and to show her kindness and sympathy as she only could to the sorrowing one? In studies her rank in the class was among the highest; as a faithful earnest student she was excelled by none. Her clear mind, aided by close application, enabled her to grasp the intricacies of mathematics and astronomy and appreciate the salient points of history and English literature with equal facility. She was a born teacher, and whatever she knew herself she could always impart distinctly to others in the class recitations. With all her good qualities of mind and heart there was no egotism, no assumption of superiority over others not so highly gifted: consequently no one was jealous. I never heard an ill-natured remark concerning her in the three years of our school life."

Another fellow student, Miss Laura Wildes, writes:

"Hattie Caryl was the nicest girl one could desire in any class. I think she changed in looks as little as one could in the passing years. Her face was always sweet, and her manner cordial and friendly. I may say in school-girl

fashion, 'She was just as nice as she could be.'"

It was no surprise to those who knew her that upon graduation, in 1855, at the age of twenty-one, she was asked to become a teacher in the school, an invitation which she accepted with hesitation and joy. During her early years of teaching Miss Caryl was in very delicate health. The friends who watched her with anxious interest could hardly have believed that she had long years of usefulness before her. In 1860 her condition was so critical that she was obliged to leave school and go to the West. With somewhat improved health she returned to her work after several months of absence, but it was not until about seven years later, when she had recovered from a long siege of typhoid fever which seemed to have purged her entire system, that she began to be a thoroughly healthy woman. The good health of her later years was one source of her power and success.

During her forty-eight years of service, Miss Caryl taught at one time or another nearly all the subjects found in the curriculum, some of them rather unwillingly, to meet the exigencies which are sure to arise in a high-school programme. The subjects she delighted to teach were mathematics, physics, history, and astronomy.

One of her pupils writes:

"Her classes from the beginning were devoted to her, and we know how she looked to them in

HARRIET ELIZABETH CARYL
ABOUT 1865

LUCY RICE WOODS
AT THE AGE OF TWENTY

her early years of teaching from the delightful little picture we have of her earnest young face. Coming from her grandfather's home with its daily duties for each member of the household, and from her church home in old Grace Church, then on Temple Street, Harriet Caryl brought to the school, all unconscious of it as she was, the customs and traditions of a gentlewoman, and the ideals of a rare Christian character. These traditions and these ideals she gradually, though unconsciously, impressed upon the school during her fifty years of service."

Another pupil writes of her teaching:

"I was in Miss Caryl's class in astronomy first, afterwards in physics. My recollection of her lessons is that the teaching was clear and thorough. She planted our feet firmly on the path, so that we never took a step forward till the preceding step was sure. Then she inspired us to work hard. A shirk had no standing with her. If her kindly nature could feel scorn, it was a shirk or a trifler who could call it out. The subject of astronomy was one which to an imaginative nature awoke emotion, wonder, dim gropings after unattainable heights of speculation and fancy. But no such flights were encouraged. Kingsley, in one of his novels says, 'Your ass who can't do his sums always has a taste for the infinite.' Miss Caryl's teaching awakened awe, reverence, and thirst for knowledge; but she kept us strictly at work on problems that led us by sure, safe paths to solid attainment. I do not remember that we ever

were examined. She did not pull us up, shivering, by the roots to find out how little we knew. We studied because we wished to learn, or, if that was not the motive, then we studied because we did not wish Miss Caryl to despise us."

Another side of Miss Caryl's teaching is shown by the following letter from Miss Ada Hersey:

"In the following incident I wish I could give Miss Caryl's own words, but can only give the substance.

"It was in the physics class — after a rather long and very careful explanation, Miss Caryl asked if we all understood, because, as she said after a pause, it was very important that we should before she went further. Then one very sweet girl, with whom physics was not a strong point, raised her hand and said, 'I think I understand, but there is one question I should like to ask.' Miss Caryl was all interest — the question was asked — it showed that the girl had not understood the first principle. In breathless silence we all looked at Miss Caryl — her face fell for just an instant; then, with that little side turn of the head, and the sweetest expression she said, 'Now that you have asked that question, I think I had better begin at the beginning.' And she went through the whole thing again with just as much patience and even more care. And at the end the girl said she understood.

"This seems like nothing in the telling, but somehow the whole atmosphere of that class-

room was so sympathetic with Miss Caryl and with the pupil, and so thoroughly alive to the subject, that it has remained with me as an ideal of perfect teaching as well as an index of Miss Caryl's beautiful spirit."

Another letter from a pupil, Miss Anna F. Hewins, is appreciative of Miss Caryl's teaching of English and shows her abiding sense of the influence of Dr. Eliot in the school:

"To-day when it is common for High School classes to balk at reading Milton's 'Shorter Poems,' I like to remember the joy we took in Miss Caryl's teaching of 'Comus' and 'Lycidas' one spring forty years ago. Somehow from that class came a joy that has remained with me all these years, and many times when the Spring has come around, Milton's lines have sounded in my ears, as part of the season. I like to remember now that not many years ago I told Miss Caryl what that class had meant in my life.

"I have also grateful recollections of her class in American History, in my advanced year, 1878–79. The course covered the critical years after the Revolution, the Convention of 1787, and the foundation of the Government under the Constitution. The things she taught stayed in one's mind. As I look back upon it now, after so many years, I realize anew what an admirable piece of work her teaching of that class was, how vital and how clear.

"But better even than her teaching was her personality, — that transparent goodness that

did not preach, but suggested rather, and sometimes brought about results long years after.

"I have a note from her, written twenty years ago, after Dr. Eliot's death, and her appreciation of him might apply to what we are feeling about her now. She says, 'We can say what he said of Miss Badger, the school has met with a great loss, but it has inherited a precious memory. How glad I am for you and for all the girls who were his pupils! And somehow, I do not know how, I do believe his influence over the school is to be a permanent blessing.'

"A school is rich indeed that has as possessions the memory of Dr. Eliot's four years, and Miss Caryl's fifty years of service."

In her teaching of American history, as has already been suggested, Miss Caryl's deep sense of justice and her strong patriotism made her classes excellent training in citizenship, long before such training became part of the curriculum of the public schools, and its necessity had been proved by the great war and the immigration problem. Miss Caryl's lessons were not indiscriminate praise of our men of the Revolution. Her keen mind saw through the pompous pretensions of Hancock, and her sense of fair play gave all honor to the part which true-hearted Englishmen played in England, while the armies of their king fought us here.

Hundreds of women have gone from Miss Caryl's classes to take their share in our coun-

try's struggle for truth and justice; and who shall say how many had their feet turned into loyal ways in the quiet classroom of this Boston teacher?

Miss Fanny E. Coe, in the following letter, gives us a vivid picture of one of Miss Caryl's classes in history in the eighties:

"It was the last week of school. Examinations were past; graduation was close at hand. Miss Caryl was straining every nerve to finish her course in the American Revolution, and today she was late to class. Some complication had arisen in the school programme, intricate as the calculus, that Miss Caryl alone could adjust. So we waited — a section of the advanced class, — in an order less perfect than usual. It was warm June, and our release from classrooms was at hand. No wonder we ventured upon a whispering recess.

"Miss Caryl entered with her cheery greeting and gay word of apology. It *had* been the programme. Then she opened one of several big volumes filled with paper markers, and began to read rapidly. This was to be an easy hour we saw. Ten per cent of keen attention in the event of a sudden question upon the subject-matter would suffice. Consequently, eyes were on the tossing boughs of the maples on West Newton Street, and minds were busy with the ruffles of graduation gowns. Washington and his men making camp at Valley Forge were remote, shadowy figures, familiar since childhood. Had not the grammar school 'scooped' the dramatic

thrill of the situation long ago? Fiske's eloquent words fell upon indifferent ears.

"Suddenly there was a pause in the steady voice of the reader — it broke — made an effort to continue, and failed. Miss Caryl passed the book to the nearest girl, saying, 'Please read. I can't go on.' And as the astonished pupil stumbled to her feet, Miss Caryl sat there with bent head, winking to keep back the tears and biting her lips in an effort for self-control. Dear Miss Caryl, how we loved her! How perfect the attention of the class from the moment its leader had faltered!

"But what was it all about? thought the girl, who was I. What had made Miss Caryl cry? Any disorder of the class? No. Some grief before she came to the lesson? Her cheery greeting smile refuted that theory. Could it by chance have been the reading? The scarcely heeded words of a moment ago were recalled: 'As the poor soldiers marched on the 17th of December to their winter quarters, their route could be traced on the snow by the blood that oozed from bare, frost-bitten feet.'

"The girl read on, 'In the crowded hospitals, which were for the most part mere log-huts or frail wigwams woven of twisted boughs, men sometimes died for want of straw to put between themselves and the frozen ground on which they lay.'

"A dull old story this? Ah, no. Poignantly present, eternally alive, were these heroes of old to Miss Caryl's wonderful mind. Even as she mothered us girls, so, at that moment, she had

drawn a whole army under the wings of her sympathy. Those of us who dimly sensed the true cause for those tears, could only catch our breaths with awe, and pray that our slow hearts and unquickened imaginations might some day be awakened. The history lesson was superb that Miss Caryl taught that day."

The school grew rapidly, and the vital part taken by Miss Caryl in its growth is referred to by Miss Lilias Page in the following letter:

"Throughout the fifty years of Miss Caryl's service, the school, like all vital things, was constantly growing. Having been established to prepare girls to be teachers as well as to give them a higher education, the number of pupils increased so much as the years went on, that in 1872, the normal, or teacher-training part of the school was separated from that of the High School, and the Normal School was established by itself. In 1878 when the number of pupils had again largely increased, the girls who were preparing for college were taken away and made into a separate school called the Girls' Latin School. Later, after the number of pupils in the school had reached over 2000, and more than half were following vocational work in the Commercial courses, it was proposed to take away the girls following Commercial courses and make of them a separate school. This has not been done, but may take place in the future. In all this growth, through half a century of change, Miss Caryl was the constant element; classes,

teachers and masters came and went, but she remained. She had helped create the school in its infancy, she had cherished and fostered its long growth, and she helped to direct the manifold activities of its maturity. She had a unique position, her life was the one life which was identified with the life of the school from its beginning — and her life was not only identified with that of the school, it was also a creator of its strength and an inspirer of its spirit. Beloved by its teachers and pupils, her power and insight grew, as the school grew. She understood it and loved it.

"Like other great work, Miss Caryl's work was done unconsciously. It was done because Miss Caryl was serving a great ideal and strove with all her strength toward it, leaving no room for thought of self. In this high service she builded better than she knew.

"Miss Caryl's unconsciousness of self was never more apparent than when a new head master was coming to the school. Four times, after her earlier years of teaching, the head master of the school was changed. Before a new master was appointed, there were weeks, and sometimes months, when the school was in Miss Caryl's hands. Her administration was so able, her knowledge of the school needs so complete and the coöperation of pupils and teachers with her so enthusiastic, that again and again, the pupils asked, why can we not go on as we are, why do we need a strange man as master, who knows neither us nor the school? Then Miss Caryl's opposition to all such questioning came

out firm and unhesitating. She presented every possible advantage that the new master could bring, always with the good of the school to the fore, and would listen to no fears or doubts.

"When the new master came, he found the whole of the little school kingdom in his hands and Miss Caryl quietly absorbed in teaching her special branches as if she had never held the reins of government. Yet she was so ready to aid him in his untrodden paths, with quick understanding of his needs and with the wisdom of her experience combined with the charm of her ineradicable humility, that it is no wonder that each new master immediately made her his prime minister.

"That a woman could relinquish supreme power, once, with graciousness, would have been a triumph, but that she could do so four times, and do so even when it seemed doubtful to some minds whether the change would turn out well for the school, shows a consecration to an ideal so high, that self-consideration falls away unheeded and leaves the nature free to see straight and to walk true."

As an administrator, her executive ability very early made itself felt, and increasingly with the years. When she resigned in 1903, she had held the unique position, for a woman, of assistant principal for several years. In recognition of her administrative powers, Mr. Tetlow, in a paper written for the number of the "Distaff," dedicated to Miss Caryl, said:

Harriet Elizabeth Caryl

"When, in the summer of 1885, I was informed in advance of the formal vote of the School Board, that I was to be nominated to the head mastership of the Girls' High School, one of the first questions I asked myself was, 'How will my appointment be received by the teachers who are to be my associates in that school?'

"At that time I knew Miss Caryl, the assistant, but slightly, and thought of her chiefly as a teacher long identified with the school, intimately acquainted with its traditions, and widely known for executive efficiency. With some doubt as to the possible attitude towards me of a teacher who might easily look with misgiving, if not with positive suspicion, on a new and untried leader, I called on Miss Caryl in her home. At the end of a conversation of twenty minutes, I had formed an entirely new and unexpected conception of her character and personality. I had found a sympathetic friend. The oppressive sense of responsibility which had weighed upon me before the interview began, had become a feeling of buoyant hopefulness. From that time forward I knew that I was to have the confidence and support of a wise, sincere, frank, and loyal helper.

"The relation then established has never changed. I meet Miss Caryl now only at long intervals; but, though our intercourse has been interrupted, our mutual trust has remained unbroken. It could not be otherwise, for it was founded on moral foundations that were solid and abiding.

"There are teachers who, through the silent, subtle, unconscious influence of their daily lives in the classroom, sweeten and ennoble the hearts and minds of their pupils. To this class, small in number, but rich in beneficence, Miss Caryl belongs. Throughout a long and laborious life, her daily work has been done in a spirit of cheerful self-sacrifice, of unflinching fidelity to duty, of sweet serenity of temper, of unquestioning loyalty to noble ideals, of transparent, yet kindly frankness of speech, of uncompromising truthfulness, of unaffected simplicity of aim, and of reverent humility.

"These noble qualities of mind and heart appeal as directly and as strongly to young people as to adults. To these qualities young people are more responsive than adults. Most persons acquire these qualities, if at all, through painful effort; but to Miss Caryl they were as natural as breathing."

Mr. Tetlow struck the keynote of Miss Caryl's character as a teacher in this article. Invaluable as her teaching and indispensable as her executive service were in the development of the school, her sympathy and wise counsel meant even more in its life. Her interest in her pupils continued even after they had left school, and in many instances ripened into lasting friendship, a friendship ready to express itself in material help, or spiritual, as the occasion demanded, a friendship unwavering, generous, wise, and so gracious and loving in its quality

that those who have experienced it must always count it as one of the rarest gifts life has bestowed upon them.

But now let us turn from our study of Miss Caryl as a teacher to her life out of school, her tastes, her occupations in leisure hours, the life from which she drew the sweet ennobling influence which she brought to her daily work. To those who were admitted to her friendship and saw her in her home, that home in itself seemed most fitting as a background for the simple dignity and loveliness of her character. We will allow Mrs. William B. Stevens (Miss Elizabeth Light), one of those who knew her in this home, to describe it:

"More than sixty years ago when old Myrtle Street bore its old-time aspect, when there were only two or three inconspicuous shops in it, and the three or four storied old-fashioned houses were occupied only by private families, Miss Caryl was living with her mother and aunt in the same old house so many of us remember. Miss Caryl as a school girl and also through the years she taught at the high school used daily to wend her way from the old house and turn up Joy Street to cross the Common to the old Mason Street building. We could see her from my grandfather's house (my home), and see also Miss Whitney, 'Aunt Katie,' who used to turn down the street passing our dining-room window, on her way to the high school in Charlestown, where she taught so many years. She

FRANCES WHITNEY CARYL
MOTHER OF HARRIET ELIZABETH CARYL

wore the close bonnet which covered her ears, with strings that tied under her chin, and a green veil, through which her features and bright eyes but faintly showed, but it was character and dignity and intellect, not simply a figure, that passed. Miss Caryl's dress has faded away in the picture. It is just her earnest eyes and sweet intense expression which stand out, in memory.

"I entered the high school at fifteen, and I was in none of Miss Caryl's classes until my senior year, but from that time for many years I knew her intimately. I do not remember just when I first went to her home and met her mother and aunt. It seems as if I had always known them familiarly against the background of the old back parlor, with its old-time woodwork in high mantel, the window and door frames, the simple hand-carved ornament in the white painted wood, the old door handles, and other finishings we call antique now, but which we used to call (deprecatingly) old fashioned. There were the mahogany-framed, hair-cloth, carved furniture, the high, well-filled book case and books around everywhere, all the evidence of literary work and enjoyment, the centre table with its books, periodicals, and work basket, and always dear dainty Mrs. Caryl, in her own chair, with her snowy headdress over dark, not white hair, and her plain black dress with its white folded front. She was full of interest in all the activities of sister and daughter and friends, full of sweetness, sympathy and responsiveness, but quiet and gentle, and cared for with a

cherishing care. Her active days were over, but the beautiful indications of them were in her changing, speaking face.

"'Aunt Katie' was in her prime, and was a mine of wisdom, experience and personal recollections. Harriet was 'child' to them both, and yet intellectually, companion.

"These three gentlewomen were devoted to their church, to their 'duties,' and keenly alive to all the spiritual and intellectual interests of the day. You may not know, for it was too much before your time, but the period when I best remember them all was a sort of revolutionary period in the religious, the intellectual, and the educational history of New England as a whole, and Boston notably. And they were abreast of the times! I did not know then, how valuable and formative to a young girl and young woman the atmosphere and the influence of this household were, and were to be. I do know now, what the hours spent from time to time in that atmosphere and open to that influence, contributed to my life."

Whatever influences set Miss Caryl's feet in the path of teaching, that path led her deeper and deeper into a life of service and sacrifice — service gladly performed — sacrifice cheerfully borne. But this prevailing spirit of service and sacrifice could not find all the opportunities it craved, even in the schoolroom. In her early womanhood, she became a member of Emmanuel Church then under the inspiring teach-

ing of Dr. Huntington, and there she often listened to the earnest appeals of Bishop Whipple, called the Apostle to the Indians. In 1864 she was one of a little group of girls and women in Emmanuel Church, roused by Bishop Whipple's stirring words, who promised to raise annually the few hundred dollars necessary for the education of a native catechist, Paul Mazakuto, the first native Indian deacon ordained among the Sioux. This little company called itself "the Dakota League." As years went on, its members were scattered in various parishes, but they continued their interest in Indian missions, till, in 1872, the Dakota League became a diocesan society, and later the nucleus of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions in Massachusetts, at which time the care of the work for colored people was added to its responsibility.

As a missionary worker Miss Caryl showed the same spirit of consecration and faithfulness as in her school. She was treasurer of her committee, and one of her duties was to attend the monthly meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary in the chapel of St. Paul's Church. She had no stirring appeal to make. Her task was the exceedingly dull recital of the list of boxes contributed by the different parishes with their value in money. But she knew that some delegate, perhaps several delegates from distant parishes, who had worked hard, and denied

themselves to send money and well-filled boxes to the Indians were listening eagerly to her report to hear their special boxes mentioned, and she never failed them. Her conscientious care for small details, however, was no more characteristic than her capacity to grasp large issues, and be ready for improved methods.

The following are some of the resolutions voted by the Auxiliary, at the time of her death:

"In the passing of Miss Caryl, the church and the city have lost a rare woman, for probably no other woman of the Commonwealth has had the wide influence over, and deep affection of, such a multitude of other women and girls. It was an influence so gracious and yet so strong that to-day after fifteen years of retirement from her position in the Girls' High School, thousands of those whose lives have been touched by her rise up to praise and call her blessed.

"To the church she gave devoted and loyal service. One of the original members of the Dakota League and its vice-president, she served continuously for forty-three years. She was a faithful and wise counsellor. Many of us, remembering her gentle, firm and courteous methods — those of a true gentlewoman — thank God for her long life and great influence."

During the rectorship of Phillips Brooks, Miss Caryl was a member of Trinity Church. There she found abundant inspiration for her chosen

profession, — a profession which when followed by a Christian woman is second only to that of a clergyman in moral and spiritual influence. How this influence went out from Miss Caryl, many a girl has borne testimony.

But while school work, growing more exacting every year, made up most of Miss Caryl's life, still, there were vacations. Then the natural buoyancy and capacity for enjoyment in Miss Caryl's nature came to the front, and she planned and executed "outings" on a large scale, with the zest of a child off on a holiday. She went abroad for the first time with her aunt, Miss Kate Whitney. It was in the summer of 1870. Landing in Liverpool, they planned to take a leisurely trip across England and then visit Paris; but while they had been crossing the Atlantic, war had been declared between France and Germany. "Then," said Miss Whitney, when she learned this fact, "we will go immediately to Paris." Arrived there they were told that they must leave that day. But no martial law could daunt Miss Whitney. "We have come to see Paris," said she; and see it they did, in one day. Miss Whitney ordered a carriage and they drove to every sight that time allowed. In the evening they left for Italy, where they had a delightful trip, though the trunk which they had taken to Paris did not reach them again till a year later in Boston. Miss Caryl returned to America doubtless more or less bewildered by

this first experience of foreign travel, but with an appetite for future expeditions that never left her. She crossed the ocean many times, bringing back delightful memories, new pleasure in her work, and trophies in the shape of pictures and other treasures to distribute among her friends and to adorn the old house with an unwonted touch of foreign art.

She travelled also in this country, visiting places of historic interest and natural beauty. As a member of the Appalachian Club, she showed herself a vigorous walker and climber, and in her trip to the Canadian Rockies when she was about seventy, she was a genial companion in a party of younger women. Miss Marian Hawes, one of the party on this expedition, thus describes her:

"For many years I had known Miss Caryl as the kindest and wisest of teachers, when in 1902, I had my first experience of her as a travelling companion. It was on a journey conducted by Professor Fay through the Canadian Rockies, a region in which he had already made important explorations and was to make still more. We were a party of sixteen members, of various ages and abilities,—some experienced mountain climbers, ambitious to follow new and dangerous trails, others less adventurous, content to enjoy the wonders of the mountains and glaciers from comfortable seats in observation cars and park carriages. If any one expected Miss Caryl with seventy years to her credit, to

MISS CARYL AND PROFESSOR FAY
WITH
MISS MARION HAWES AND HER BROTHER

take her place with these sybarites of travel, he was much mistaken.

"From the day when she joined her fellow travellers in the railway station, just at the appointed time, her face shining with pleasure at the thought of the summer's enjoyment, to the day when we bade her good-bye at the end of the journey, she was always the same alert, cheerful and spirited companion, claiming her full share of any hardships or self-denials in the most matter-of-fact and unobtrusive way. I have two photographs of her which show how gallantly she entered into the more strenuous pleasures of the Expedition. In one of them, she sits on horseback, ready for a long ride from the hotel to the Yoho Valley. This was before the automobile had made the journey one of ease and luxury. Another photograph shows her, led by her friend Professor Fay, crossing a narrow footbridge over a fairly wide stream in the Yellowstone Park.

"Miss Caryl had a very strict code of duty for herself, and a very broad and charitable toleration for the beliefs of others. Much as she appreciated the privilege of taking this journey, I believe she would have denied it to herself, if it had not been arranged to avoid travelling on Sunday. That day she loved to devote to worship, rest, her books and her friends. Once, however, in the Yellowstone Park, we were compelled to travel all of one Sunday, and Miss Caryl's cheerful acquiescence in the necessary arrangement showed her as she always was, thoroughly reasonable and unselfish.

"Her interest in others and her noble and winning personality gained friends for her on this journey, as they did everywhere. I remember one of the younger members of the party who had never met Miss Caryl before became as devoted to her as the girls in her classes used to be in the early days of her teaching.

"It was beautiful to see the charm of the spirit victorious over time, and we love to think of its two-fold existence — in the hearts of those who loved her and in the full free joy of the endless life."

During her forty-eight years of service many changes took place in the staff of teachers, and in the mastership of the school. Accompanied at first by her own classmates, Miss Bacon and Miss Badger, she found herself in late years surrounded by teachers who had been her own pupils. To all the new teachers she became the gracious hostess and friend, to the new masters the loyal assistant. Under Mr. Seavey she shared with her associates the rich advantage of his cordial friendship and leadership, but the four years of Dr. Eliot's mastership were years of the fullest pleasure. Dr. Eliot was known to her by name and reputation as a scholar and author, and as the President of Trinity College. When she heard of his appointment to the Girls' High School, Miss Caryl expected that he would shed glory on her beloved school, but

MARGARET A. BADGER
TEACHER IN THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
FROM 1856 TO 1898

reign in dignified isolation above the stress of daily teaching and administration. When he came, she found him a teacher *par excellence*, whose joy it was to form new classes and to teach them himself whenever he found, as he always did, eager girls to fill them, — a man whose splendid motto was that of the Prince of Wales, "*Ich dien*" — magnanimous service, whose personal interest in the girls was as keen as Miss Caryl's, and whose administration of the school kept it always in the forefront of public instruction in this country. When to all this service for her dear school Dr. Eliot added an appreciation of Miss Caryl's character and ability that led to a rare friendship, it is easy to understand that these four years of Dr. Eliot's mastership were the happiest and the most fruitful of Miss Caryl's long career.

The following extracts from Dr. Eliot's letters to Miss Caryl will show how his interest in the school continued long after he had resigned from his position as master:

"Versailles, Oct. 6, 1880

"I thank you for divining that I had thought of you, and of the school, when the new year began just a month ago, and that I would think of you on the first day of this month, the eighth anniversary of my meeting the school face to face. My wishes and prayers for you and your work are all the more earnest and the more frequent now that I have nothing else to give —

no labor, no interposition, no official service of any kind. I rejoice in believing that the work does not need me, that the foundations on which it rests are secure, the earthly foundations, and deeper and stronger, the Everlasting Arms. Education may be secular, as they call it, through and through, but it is not the less in God's hands; men cannot take it out of them, and He who suffers children to come to Him will make the schools His ministers and care for them as no other can."

On July 15, 1877, he wrote:

"For all the kind words your letter contains you know I am grateful, and though I cannot think that I have helped you half as much as you say, I know I have wished to help you as much as I could. I trust you know that you have helped me, and that the deep regret I have had in laying down my work at the school has been soothed over and over again by your sympathies."

During Miss Caryl's years of service she was several times offered positions of honor and usefulness in other schools. One of these opportunities was especially attractive to her as it was in the church school at Faribault, Minnesota, founded by the well-beloved Bishop Whipple. But in each case she decided to remain in the school which had become so intimate a part of her life. And for this the school can never be too grateful.

Harriet Elizabeth Caryl

In the preparation of this sketch request was made to the graduates of the school to contribute interesting reminiscences of their dear and honored teacher. The response was most gratifying. From all over the country, and even from Europe, came words of gratitude and affection. There seemed to be a general recollection of unfailing kindness and strict justice, of serene calm, of "motherliness"—the word oftenest used. This motherliness was perhaps the truest characteristic of Miss Caryl—the motherliness which a girl comes to rely on, to take for granted, as is the way of a girl with her mother.

Miss Lucy Woods, a pupil, a fellow teacher and lifelong friend of Miss Caryl, was also for some time during her girlhood a member of Miss Caryl's household. Miss Woods, in her "History of the Girls' High School," says of Miss Caryl:

"Her pupils remember her teaching, — clear, persistent, thorough, patient, but when all lessons are forgotten they will remember her; the dullest could recognize the honesty, clear as the day, the simplicity and humility of mind, the utter devotion to duty, and the unfailing kindness that, like the sunshine of the Lord, falls on the evil and the good, on the just and on the unjust."

The following responses from graduates will also throw a little more light on her character.

The first comes from Mrs. Mabel Woodbury Douglass:

"You asked me to send you some little incident about Miss Caryl. I do not know that I can tell of anything that is of special interest. But perhaps I can say a little bit of my feeling for Miss Caryl. I have no gift of language, and it is hard for me to express myself. But I loved and revered Miss Caryl so deeply that I will try to say something as my tiny tribute to her.

"I had but one year in the Girls' High School, — the Fourth, — but that year meant more to me than all my other years of school added together. It was one of the big influences for good in my life. No other school is so dear to me. But I knew this only subconsciously when in the school. I had come from one of the mixed schools, and had been much more interested in having fun than in my studies. I was a very mischievous little girl at times. (I was n't really bad.) When I came to the Girls' High School, I found myself in an entirely new atmosphere. I can truly say I never had the slightest thought or desire to 'cut up,' while there. And I was perfectly happy. I think hundreds of girls must have had the same experience, and we all know that it was due to the school's wonderful teachers. I did not know how wonderful they were then; at least looking back it seems to me I did not. Some of them I respected and loved; some I admired; and one or two I adored in romantic school-girl fashion.

"After leaving the school, I went back once or twice to its reunions. Then other things came. I married, went away for three years. It was after my return to Boston and I was a mother, that I began to have a longing for the old school. And I found that whenever I thought of the school, I thought of Miss Caryl. She seemed to stand for the school. I had not seen her for a number of years, but in my heart there was growing for her a deep love and reverence which will last for always. I must have felt it when in the school, but unconsciously.

"Miss Caryl always seemed to me more like a great mother than a teacher. I can remember one thing: I always felt that I must be absolutely honest and sincere with her. She was that herself, and called forth the same attribute from her pupils.

"Perhaps I might tell this. It is hardly enough to call it an incident.

"While in the school, my mother died. When the spring vacation came, Miss Caryl sent for me to come to her in the reception room. She asked me a little about my family and learned that I was the eldest of four children. She then offered to come to my home during the vacation and help me with sewing or anything else needed. I was very immature, like a child of ten or twelve in many ways, but with the awful sorrow of eighteen. I had not thought of sewing or anything else, and her offer filled me with gratitude, while at the same time it bewildered me. She must have seen how it was, for she did not

press the matter. But if she could have helped me, she would have given up her vacation time to doing it."

Miss Ellen M. Folsom, a teacher in the school from 1872 to 1881, contributes the following letter:

"All I can do is to be one more voice among the many who feel first and foremost, in thinking of her, the ennobling influence she had in our lives. She lived her own life on so high a plane that others must lift themselves up to it to meet her. Did you ever know any one swifter or more sure to give credit to good intentions, no matter how far performance lagged behind the aim? One of my mind pictures is the earnestness in her face as she said, 'She meant it all right!' when the rest of us were shouting over the version of the Salic Law by which 'No female or descendant of a female could inherit the throne of France.' — If I tried to tell you of the one time in the eight years — probably the one and only in all the years — when she was late at school, coming in after the devotional exercises, you would miss all the fun of it without that sparkle in Miss Badger's eyes as she told me 'It was a kitten!' We had been, not quite *anxious*, but a little concerned at her non-appearance. I think oftenest of these two together — so equal in their aims and their attainment — so different in the lesser attributes that make up personal charm — and both alike giving all their years of service to the

School. I remember one discussion between them when each wanted the advanced class in Astronomy — it would have been a pure delight to either to have had a picked class in studying the wonders of the stars — and they were both so fine in the decision, which they had finally left to me. I don't remember my reasons, but I can never forget the perfection of their acceptance of my decision, making it really their own."

A letter from Miss Alice Hawes gives a personal touch to a delightful memory of Miss Caryl's early years of teaching:

"During my senior year (1867) Miss Caryl had a serious illness (typhoid fever, as I remember). Of course all of us were deeply interested in her recovery, and longing for her return. One day one of the class came rushing in at recess, joy and excitement in her large black eyes. 'Oh, girls! I've seen Miss Caryl! She's the most adorable sight you can imagine. She never looked so dear!'

"We all waited eagerly, and at the next recitation in she came, wearing a little close lace cap with pink ribbons, a charming piece of coquetry and simplicity combined. The fever had taken all her beautiful hair. For weeks she wore her caps, one with blue ribbons and one with pink.

"Then one happy day the cap was laid aside, and behold, her hair was clustering in soft curls around her shapely head. We were never quite

sure whether the caps or the curls were the neater and completer, for nothing could be sweeter than Miss Caryl in either."

Another pupil writes thus:

"A young woman beset with perplexities and sore troubles went to Miss Caryl at school one afternoon and unburdened her soul. Miss Caryl took her in her arms as a mother might have done — bade her keep 'a single eye' — took her then and there to Miss Woods. That was the beginning of many happy years at Trinity in Miss Woods' Bible Class — and under Phillips Brooks' wonderful preaching. And that day was the beginning of a love tender and wise that enfolded the girl always through every day of her life till the girl grew into the shadow of middle life, and Miss Caryl passed to eternal youth."

A letter from one of Miss Caryl's pupils in the early years of her teaching contains the following tribute:

"I was a pupil of hers more than fifty years ago, and was also a member of the Dakota League. In the schoolroom when I became a teacher I tried to model my life according to her example, and I feel that what success I had there was due to her.

"The enclosed sonnet I wrote for her and it was published in the 'Transcript' for June 12, 1880. Then it was headed 'A Portrait,' as I knew how averse she was to praise."

Harriet Elizabeth Caryl

HARRIET E. CARYL

Had I the singer's charm or poet's fire,
Ah then should all the world, her world and mine,
Resound with praises of her gifts divine.
Removed from all that earth-born hearts desire,
In look and act a saint who doth aspire
Even to an eternal crown and shrine.
The peaceful brow where years have left no sign
Except the impress of a soul whose higher
Calm this world can never give or take away.
A gentle smile and tender dovelike eyes
Reflect a mind that pain nor grief can sway,
Yet in whose depths a shade of sadness lies.
Lives such as hers bring nearer day by day
The heaven man looks for in the distant skies.

Mary A. Haley

Miss Caryl's conscience was a source of "jestings which are not convenient" to her intimate friends. At one time, when Miss Caryl was planning a trip abroad, she said to a group of teachers, "What shall I bring you all?" One said, "A photograph"; another something else, and then Miss Woods said, "Oh, don't bring me anything, Hattie; but if you can find anywhere an india-rubber conscience, I wish you would buy one for yourself."

Her peculiar respect for the city property, shown on a large scale in her most laborious and scrupulous care of all the books, numbering many thousands, loaned each year to the pupils and collected, counted, and packed away for the summer, was not only unimpaired, but assumed an acute form in dealing with small

articles. She never, no matter how overburdened with work or pressed for time, took anything that belonged to the city for her own personal use, or allowed any one else to do so. One of the teachers going home from school asked Miss Caryl for a string to tie a bundle she was carrying. Miss Caryl, after searching in a desk drawer, said she had no string. "But, Miss Caryl," said the teacher, "there is a whole ball." "That," said Miss Caryl with an air of finality, "is city string." The matter was finally compromised by the *loan* of a piece of the "city string" on condition that it should be returned next day without fail. At another time a pupil brought Miss Caryl a letter. As she handed it to her she said, "See, Miss Caryl, that stamp has not been cancelled." Miss Caryl immediately tore it in two, and when the girl remonstrated, said, "You know we must not cheat Uncle Sam."

Rigorous discipline for herself, high standards firmly insisted on for her pupils, but greatest sympathy for those whose standards and actions fell short of her own — these characteristics made her firm as the granite of her New England hills, but tender as those same hills folded under a summer sky and clothed with verdure.

The year 1902 was the fiftieth anniversary of the school, and as Miss Caryl was then about to resign, the Girls' High School Association decided to have a celebration of the anniversary

which should take the form of a reception to Miss Caryl.

To quote from the report written for the "Distaff" by Mrs. Mary D. Blodgett:

"The evening opened with the reception to Miss Caryl, and for nearly an hour an endless procession of graduates, in double ranks, pressing closely upon one another, swept across the platform to greet Miss Caryl and the other teachers, who stood beyond.

"All this greeting had to pause mid-way, because the time had come to begin the programme, and as a prelude to this there was gay music well rendered by a piano, violin and cornet, which, with the brilliancy of the hall, first lighted this evening by the new electric lights, and the beauty of the palms, lavishly decorating the platform, gave the occasion a truly festive character.

"Probably you have read in the newspapers a report of the programme, so I will not try to repeat it in detail, but I should like every one of you to have been in the audience when Miss Caryl rose to speak to us. We all sprang to our feet, and waved our handkerchiefs, so that she could only stand a moment in silence, and then she motioned to us to be seated, saying, 'If you do this, you will break me down.' But she did not break down. Not she! but went on to tell us clearly and simply about the first class of the Girls' High School."

We have no record of Miss Caryl's address,

but among her papers the following notes have been found of a talk which, though given a little later at a reunion to younger girls, deals with the same subject as her anniversary speech:

"It is fine and inspiring to belong to a school that is fifty years old. To be sure the neighboring school on Warren Avenue, the Boys' Latin, celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary almost twenty years ago. I hope the heart of every boy there thrills with pride and affection when he thinks of those two hundred and fifty years. Think what it must be to belong to a school which began its work and life, just when the foundations of Massachusetts were laid! There is no harm in that kind of pride. We cannot be quite one fifth as proud as they, but let us make all we can of our fifty years. Notice, I say 'us' and 'we,' for I was once a school-girl here, just as you are now — so forget to think of me as a teacher here, and think of me as just a school-girl with yourselves. That is a relation that can never be broken; you and I will always be members of the alumnæ. I shall not be here to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the school, but many of you may be — and then, although you will be nice old ladies, and perhaps grandmothers, still, if you can attend any celebration that may be then, be sure and come and be sure and recall this fiftieth anniversary.

"I don't think I can talk to you just as I talked that lovely evening in January, because

I was talking to many an old girl then who knew what I was talking about,— and I doubt if there are ten of you who know where our first school building was. The school was in Mason Street, a narrow street running parallel with and between Washington and Tremont Streets. It bends round into Tremont Street and comes out very nearly opposite the Subway Station at Boylston Street. The building is still standing and is used by the School Committee. It was not built for us; it had been used for the Adams Grammar School.

"In October, 1852, our school was opened; in that year, also, the Boston Public Library was founded; it occupied the first floor of the Mason Street building and the school the two upper floors. The Library was small and young then; the public did not crowd it, and we girls, not having any school library, were allowed to do much of our studying in the reading-room of the library. Having the Library in the same building was a great boon to us, for we were allowed great freedom in the use of the books, and the librarian, Mr. Bedlington, was very kind in furnishing us with all the reference books we needed. I want to recognize, for the school's sake, the glad service he rendered it, all the time we occupied the same building.

"The first class numbered only 105; as the course was to be but two years and we were to be fitted to be teachers in that time, the age of those first pupils, on entering, was in advance of the present age of admission; the girls were more mature than many of you are and more respon-

sive to our teachers' efforts. Mr. Loring Lothrop was the first principal of the school. He succeeded in making us feel that the success of the school, — nay, its very permanency — largely rested with us. If we showed ourselves appreciative of the opportunity afforded us — and worthy of it — then we should have done what in us lay to make the school a permanency. The man who could thus inspire a class was the one to start such an institution and the judgment of the Committee was justified. We were certainly an enthusiastic class; holidays were a dead loss, and the more time spent in the schoolroom, the happier we were.

"The school became a sort of city pet, a show school. Strangers were often upon the platform. In those days, the Committee of the school were mostly professional men and they were constant visitors, so constant that they became personally known to teachers and pupils and oftentimes they would take charge of a recitation. A row of four or more visitors in a recitation was nothing unusual, and it did not disconcert a pupil. The company was all very pleasant and inspiring, but perhaps it was also a hindrance to the regular work.

"This school was one of the first, if not the first in the city, to abolish the ranking system. We were taught to study just for the joy of it and for the use we hoped later to make of our knowledge.

"Mr. Lothrop left us at the end of the fourth year, to open a private school. He had done a fine work for the school, had laid firm founda-

tions. Its curriculum has broadened since that time, sciences and modern foreign languages have been added to its list of studies, but the spirit with which Mr. Lothrop inspired those first classes was of the finest, and has never been lost, but has been renewed and invigorated by many a teacher who has followed him; it is still a power in the school for the highest ideals of school life. May those who will speak at the Centennial celebration of the school have the same report to make."

To return to Mrs. Blodgett's account of the fiftieth anniversary:

"When the formal addresses were over, the hour was late, but the moment of moments was yet to come. Some of us were looking anxiously at the clock, but Miss Jacobs, the president, knew how to hold us, and she charmingly introduced Miss Woods as the rose petal, which a brimming cup might hold without overflowing. Now it was Miss Woods who was to present our gift to Miss Caryl. This, you know, was a mahogany desk and a gift of money. In her own happiest manner, Miss Woods said that it was a familiar sight to all of us to see Miss Caryl before a desk, so we hoped that she might sit before a desk which we had given her for many years. 'Also,' she said, 'we are going to place in her hands a sum of money, with which she is to go on a journey. She has been in all our thoughts, and now we are going to give her something to keep us in her thoughts, for wherever she goes, whether in pursuit of eclipses or

climbing Alaskan mountains, we are going with her.'

"Then she turned to show Miss Caryl the desk, which, skilfully concealed by palms and drapery, had been standing behind her all the evening. To prevent any necessity of a formal reply of thanks, the opening notes of the school ode were struck on the piano, and we all joined heartily in singing the words by Miss Dix, to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne.' But Miss Caryl still would have the last word, and, after the ode, she came bravely forward, and said, 'I have been told that I am not to say anything, but I must speak to you all the same. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart, and to tell you that your kindness to me this evening has completely overwhelmed me. I only wish I were more worthy of it.'"

Miss S. Annie Shorey, a fellow teacher and warm friend of Miss Caryl for many years, writes of her coming to the June Party in 1903, just before she left the school for good. The June Party is given each year by the Eliot Memorial Association to the Seniors shortly before their graduation. It is given on a Saturday afternoon and is intended to provide an opportunity for the girls who are so soon to leave the school, to meet their teachers and their classmates in a more satisfying way than the crowded school hours at examination and graduation time permit. Miss Shorey writes as follows:

"Mr. and Mrs. Tetlow and Miss Caryl were present at the June Party in 1903. A half-hour was spent in pleasant talk; then Miss Caryl, stepping to the front of the platform, called the assembly to order. In a few gracious words she extended to all a hearty welcome; we rejoiced to see her there, but those of us who were still engaged in the active work of the school, who felt that it was the last time when, entirely as one of themselves, she would so speak, could scarce keep back their tears. Soon, however, came the wiser thought, the school of the present, the past, and the future is but one, and in that school, as in our hearts, Miss Caryl's place can never change; her interest will be deep and abiding, and for many years to come the influence of her strong and gracious presence will be felt as a real power for good in our beloved school.

"After the charming entertainment of music which had been provided for the afternoon, we all felt there was but one voice which this year could fittingly speak the words of counsel to the graduating class, and all her girls of the older generation as well, who were present, gave loving attention while Miss Caryl spoke as follows:

" 'It is my pleasant duty, as one of the hostesses of this occasion, to welcome those of you who are about to graduate from the school into the ranks of the Alumnæ. Some of you will break at once, and some a year later, the special tie which binds you to the school as a pupil, and in spite of the near attraction of rest to tired brain, I believe it will be somewhat painful to break that tie; to those of you who feel thus,

the open arms and warm welcome of the Alumnæ will be something of a solace. But don't forget that you will be a living part of the school, that it will follow and watch your career, what you are, what you become, what you do, so far as it is able to do so, and let that thought be an inspiration to you to lead such a life that your membership in its growing ranks shall be a blessing.

" 'The larger Girls' High School (the pupils and the ex-pupils) needs just those faithful, earnest lives to keep and carry forward the high ideals of its first half-century. Notice that I said, "earnest and faithful lives." On our exhibition day in 1898 when the time came to give the diplomas, there was no member of the Committee present to act, but happily our Dr. Eliot was present, and the girls were overjoyed to receive their diplomas from his hands. I cannot do better than to try to give to you the burden of those few words which he spoke to them at that time. He said, "Seek to find some place in life that needs you, and when you have found it, be happy and content to do your duty just there. Your corner in the world's broad field of work may be very tiny, very obscure, bringing you none of the world's honors, never mind that; don't be down-hearted about it; if you are in the spot that needs you, you are in the place that God made for just you, and to be faithful in the work which He assigns, must be to do the highest work that the world could hold for you; and if done in obedience to His will, no contribution to life's work could be finer." '

"For a moment all was still, then the sweet notes of the flute broke the silence, giving the response that was in all our hearts.

"I think I never realized more strongly than on this occasion the influence of these meetings in fostering a feeling of loyalty to the school. A young girl of the Senior class, one who had never seemed very warmly attached to her Alma Mater, came to me at the close of the afternoon, with tears in her eyes. 'Oh!' she said, 'I hope I can come back to school next year, but if I do not, I shall belong to this association some time.'

"May this love and loyalty grow stronger and deeper every year in the hearts of all our graduates."

When Miss Caryl finally resigned her position in 1903, her friends hoped that there were to follow years of leisurely enjoyment and of freedom from all care and anxiety. It was therefore a grief to all who knew her that there soon developed very serious trouble with her eyes which finally resulted in almost total blindness. This she bore uncomplainingly, and with a courage and patience that added the crowning touch to a character already wonderfully complete. Still her spirit was unconquered. Her heart was still warm with love for the school, for her church, for missionary work, and for her friends. She had moved from the old house, now too large for her needs, to pleasant modern apartments where she still busied herself with some household duties,

and where she had the constant and devoted care of a relative and a friend who made their home with her. Led by them, her face touched by a new, pathetic gentleness and dependence, she still attended her church, and her monthly missionary meetings, came to the girls' reunions, and often was an honored guest at the school. One of her pupils, Miss Etta Yerdon, who was much with her after she became blind and was most attached to her, writes:

"Miss Caryl kept the knowledge of her approaching blindness from her friends as long as possible. One of the last times I saw her she said, 'When it was certain that I was to be blind I resolved *never* to say a word of rebellion. I *think* I have kept that resolution.' Sometimes I had the privilege of accompanying Miss Caryl to church. When the psalms were read we stood close together and I read as distinctly as I could so that she could hear me, but generally when a verse was begun Miss Caryl finished it from memory.

"Miss Caryl always treasured the books on the periods of history which she had taught, and I read to her first of all a ponderous life of Jefferson. Every week most of the time was given to this, and a space at the end for the 'Spirit of Missions'; these two because Miss Caryl wished to hear them, also because she thought them good for her reader. Other friends read other things for her. She was most conscientious about sending periodicals of all kinds that she

liked to those who would enjoy them after she herself had read them. Always Miss Caryl was fresh and dainty about her dress and belongings, and she appreciated the wearing of a new gown, or bit of fine lace. It pleased her, too, when her friends wore an occasional bit of finery. She liked 'seeing it' with her fingers.

"There was a bit of verse about 'the Heavenly City'; Miss Caryl loved it very much, and we used to say it together every time I went to read to her. I cannot remember the beginning, but we loved most of all these lines,

> " 'Bathed all in light with open gates of gold
> Perfect the city is in tower and street.
> And there a palace for each mortal waits
> Complete and perfect, at whose outer gates
> An angel stands, its occupant to greet.' "

But at last came a time when the clear brain, the loving memory, the strong will gave way. Through three years of helplessness she lay like a little child, most tenderly cared for night and day by her cousin, Miss Katharine George, whom she had loved and taught as a child, by an intimate friend, Miss Emily Weeks, and two devoted nurses. She was in a mysterious state like that described in the words of the old hymn she had often sung in church:

> "And when these failing lips grow dumb
> And mind and memory flee,
> When thou shalt in thy kingdom come
> Then Lord remember me."

The end came at last on February 22, 1918, and on the afternoon of February 25 the funeral service was held.

Once more, as after the death of Miss Emma Temple and of Miss Lucy Woods, the great doors of Trinity Church opened to receive a teacher, "found faithful unto death," who was to rest before the chancel and to have the words of the burial service repeated for her. And once more, as then, the old friends gathered, and flowers were heaped upon the bier and the chancel rail, and throngs of school girls filled the nave and transepts. In the case of Miss Temple and of Miss Woods, as both had been taken away in the midst of their active work, their pupils came fresh from the teaching that had been the joy and inspiration of their school days, some heart-broken with the loss of their dear teacher. When Miss Caryl rested at last in the church she loved so well, she had been separated for years from the school that had looked to her as its great mother. But Miss Caryl's sweet face had looked down upon the later classes from her portrait, and there was no girl who did not know her as the best friend of the school. A great number of the pupils of the school had come directly from their classrooms to the church, and as their awed faces were lifted and their voices joined with those of the great company of graduates in singing the school hymn, it was a reverent and grateful throng that filled the old church that day.

So significant and touching was the sight that Dr. Mann, the rector of Trinity, in speaking of it afterwards said that to him it was most impressive that such a service could have been held so long after Miss Caryl's work was over and also a great testimony to her power and influence as a teacher and friend.

Through the last years of Miss Caryl's life which had shut her away from all she loved in life, her old friends and the pupils on whom she had lavished so much love and care did not forget her. More than a year after she died, and sixteen years after she gave up her work in school, many of those who loved and reverenced her while her gracious presence still moved among them, gathered on May 2, 1919, in the old classic hall of the High School, and held a memorial meeting in her honor.

On this occasion the fine portrait of Miss Caryl, painted by Miss Grace Geer, of the class of 1873, stood upon the platform with pots of roses set on either side, the long branches of clustering pink blossoms framing the picture of that well-loved face.

MEMORIAL MEETING

FOR

Harriet Elizabeth Caryl

HELD IN THE SCHOOL HALL

MAY 2, 1919

BY THE

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, BOSTON

O strong and faithful soul, serenely bright,
The hurrying seasons bless thee as they go,
And each doth give thee all it may bestow:
The hopefulness that makes the cheerful might
Of springtime; summer's joyous love and light;
The patient strength that lies 'neath winter's snow;
And warmth serene of autumn's passing glow, —
All these the years have left thee in their flight,
And we, thy children, looking in thy face,
Pray that some day at last we may have gained
Even a little of the shining grace
That there we find. Oh, may the flying years
Bring us triumphant over all our fears
Toward that fair table-land thou hast attained!

Laura E. Richardson, '86

ORDER OF EXERCISES

Greeting by the President of the Girls' High School Association.
Miss Rachel Rosnosky, *Class of* 1898.
Introduction by the President of Miss Elizabeth L. Smith, *Class of* 1873, as Chairman of the meeting.
Opening words of the Chairman.
Address: Mr. Myron W. Richardson, Principal of the Girls' High School.
Music: *The School Ode.*
Brief Sketch of Miss Caryl's Life by the Chairman.
Addresses: Professor Charles E. Fay of Tufts College.
Rev. Alexander Mann, D.D., Rector of Trinity Church.
Anthem: *Consider and Hear Me.* The Choir.
Reading of Letters from Miss Eliza G. Swett, *Class of* 1855.
Mrs. Mary Lathrop Tucker, Teacher in the school from 1875 to 1881.
Mrs. Julia Jellison Wright, *Class of* 1861.
Addresses: Miss Mary C. Mellyn, *Class of* 1887, Assistant Superintendent of the Schools of Boston.
Miss Katharine H. Shute, *Class of* 1879, Teacher in the Boston Normal School.
Miss Elizabeth L. Smith.
Hymn: *For all the Saints.*
Announcement of the founding of the Harriet Elizabeth Caryl Memorial Scholarship.
School Hymn: *Thine Forever.*

The music for this meeting was furnished by a small choir, trained and led by Mrs. Willianna Folsom, of the class of 1878. The members of the choir were graduates and present pupils of the school together with outside friends.

Mrs. Folsom was assisted by Mr. Bertram Currier, 'cellist, and Miss Linda Ekman, pianist.

Miss Rachel Rosnosky, president of the Girls' High School Association, opened the meeting with a few gracious words of welcome to the

graduates of the past years who had come to honor the beloved teacher who had been their joy and inspiration. After this cordial greeting, Miss Rosnosky turned to Miss Elizabeth L. Smith as one who had been, as pupil and teacher in the school, an associate and dear friend of Miss Caryl for more than thirty years, and transferred the chairmanship of the Memorial Meeting to her hands.

In the following pages a report is given, in part, of the addresses that were made.

Opening Words by the Chairman

We have come home to our school at the call of our dear teacher and friend, Miss Caryl. We recall the radiant occasion of which she was the central figure, when at the fiftieth anniversary of the school, this hall was crowded with Miss Caryl's pupils, who loved to do her honor. To-night let us see upon this platform the same gracious and beautiful figure turning upon us a face lighted up with her dear familiar smile of loving greeting.

Address of Mr. Richardson

Miss Caryl was a woman of wonderful power and dignity, and she was dearly beloved by her pupils. She was deeply interested in them, always kindly considerate of them, and infinitely patient with them under all circumstances; she has long been known as the mother of the

school. Her loss is felt by hundreds of the graduates of the school who came under her influence.

Miss Caryl did not lose her interest in the school with her retirement, and until three years ago, when failing health made it impossible for her to do so, she was always present at the graduation exercises, alumnæ gatherings, Christmas concerts, and the like. It was during this portion of her life that I personally knew Miss Caryl and through her I obtained many helpful pictures of the early life of the school, its ideals and traditions. I soon came to feel for her the same interest and regard and reverence that she inspired in others. With her passed on one of the most commanding figures in the life of the school.

Address of Professor Charles E. Fay

I HESITATE as I undertake the service to which you have invited me this evening, because I feel how absolutely impossible it is even for one who was acquainted with Miss Caryl as a friend to do justice to that noble and serene character. On one other occasion in recent years I had the honor of occupying this same position; it was at a similar memorial service for Mr. Tetlow. It seems to me that, with notable differences, there was a point of marked likeness between these two able teachers in the Boston schools, and that it lay in their strength, their stability of char-

acter. Not only their pupils and the teachers associated with them, but all who have had the honor of being in any way connected with them, can now fully realize the worth of their friendship.

Miss Caryl always impressed me as the type of gentle, strong, helpful Christian womanhood. While my acquaintance with her covered a period of nearly fifty years, we actually met but seldom; yet on no occasion without my recognition of these dominant traits of her character.

I first met her while I was still an undergraduate, passing part of my summer vacation in my student quarters at Tufts College. Professor John P. Marshall, of our department of Geology, had invited the Senior class (I think it was) of the Girls' High and Normal School to picnic on the campus and later to visit certain interesting geological features of the neighborhood. My elder colleague invited me to assist in conducting the party, of whom there were perhaps thirty or forty. My services were not onerous. So far as I recall, they consisted in helping the young ladies over the various stone walls of fields that to-day are covered with a myriad of houses. Although those assisted, one or two of whom I later came to know in other connections, were more nearly my contemporaries, I am sure that I was most deeply impressed by the simple, gracious, yet masterful, dignity of their teacher, whom they obviously held in high honor.

Executive capacity combined with a keen human sympathy would have been my characterization of Miss Caryl in 1867.

After my marriage to one whose family had already for a generation been on terms of intimacy with hers, that casual acquaintance was renewed and continued to the end, or at least so long as that intensely intelligent personality we all loved and honored remained unimpaired. On one or two occasions when, with others, we were guests in her home, I can recall that she withdrew from the company to attend to preparation called for by her school duties of the following day. What better evidence of the seriousness with which she took her work as a teacher, of the conscience that she put into all that she did! I had other opportunities of realizing the extent to which this conscientiousness was a leading trait of her character.

I consider it a rare privilege that, at the time when she had reached the maximum of her influence and honors, I was permitted to enjoy a very intimate association with her for a period of several weeks. It came about through her joining a party of friends that I was to conduct on an excursion across the continent. We were to visit in particular the grand Alpine region of the Canadian Rockies and Selkirks and the Pacific Northwest, and to return by way of the Yellowstone Park and the Great Lakes. It was a trip to which she had looked forward with great

interest, as it would take her to regions of which she had heard much but had never visited. Probably no anecdote I could tell of her would more clearly emphasize that loyalty to principle that was coupled with her conscientiousness, than a reference to a letter that I received from her a few days before the party was to start, saying that she did not wish to interfere with any plans, nor to force her views upon any one, but that if the party was to start on Sunday, she could not go. It was with great pleasure that I responded that there was no intention of starting upon Sunday and that, so far as possible, Sunday travel would be avoided. A party constituted as that one was could not have been other than a congenial and united one, but I feel that we all regarded Miss Caryl as the culmination, so to speak, of its dignity and geniality. Never in all those weeks was there the slightest expression of dissatisfaction on her part with anything that was in the programme. I recall that when we were about to go from Glacier House to Vancouver, and were to start on a Saturday afternoon and reach Vancouver Sunday noon, Miss Caryl arranged to start by herself the day before and gave us a friendly welcome on our arrival.

It is one thing to have principles and conscience. It is another thing not so to manifest them as to be an annoyance to one's friends. I do not think it would be possible for any one

here present to think of Miss Caryl as endeavoring to force her principles upon her. What an inheritance it is to have been under such a personality as a pupil! What an inheritance to the generations that grew up under that influence.

ADDRESS OF REV. ALEXANDER MANN, D.D.

I CANNOT speak to-night to this gathering, composed, as I understand it, largely of Miss Caryl's old girls, of her years of mature and effective work. I can only speak of the decline of her life. When I came to Boston in 1905, two years after Miss Caryl retired, she was living in that house on Myrtle Street, which has already been referred to. It was there I first met her when I called upon her as one of the members of Trinity Church. I remember the effect produced upon me; I remember the interest which Miss Caryl took in the work of the parish, which was naturally the subject of our conversation; and I shall always remember the cheery and hopeful way in which, through her sightless eyes, she still looked out upon life. Her work was done when I knew her, but her influence was going on. One might say of her, — "Does God demand day labor, light denied? . . . They also serve who only stand and wait." Miss Caryl was standing and waiting, but she also most emphatically served.

There were two members of Trinity Church

whom I remember clearly, — one an elderly man who could not hear a sound, but who was regularly in his seat on Sunday. He knew the service by heart, and so was able to follow although he could not hear one sound of the preacher's voice or one note of the organ. The other was Miss Caryl, from whom all sight was taken away. Those two people impressed me as two of the most earnest worshippers in that congregation.

I also remember the meetings of the Woman's Auxiliary, that great missionary society of the Church which reaches all over the world, and which raises hundreds of thousands of dollars for its mission work. I can remember going to these meetings, and there finding Miss Caryl keenly interested in all that was going on, listening eagerly to whatever the speaker of the day had to say, and showing in every way the same interest in the great work of the extension of Christ's kingdom. It is interesting to be told, as I was to-day, that that society really came out of a much smaller society known as the Dakota League, in which Miss Caryl was one of the first members. She was one of the foremost disciples of Bishop Whipple, whose life was consecrated to the Sioux Indians. It may be that her sense of justice had something to do with it. It may very well be that she felt there was something due to the American Indians by the people of the United States. At any rate,

what is certain is that for years she was one of the most interested and helpful members of the early missionary society known as the Dakota League out of which came the Woman's Auxiliary.

I should like to say one other word. It is interesting that you should all be gathered here in grateful memory of a public school teacher. I think it is a good sign. Lowell said about Lincoln, — "Great Captains with their guns and drums disturb our judgments for the hour." That is a fair example of the conditions to-day. It is rather helpful to find that, in these days when we are thinking of the return of the soldiers, there should be a gathering like this to honor a teacher in one of our public schools, — one whose work though far-reaching was for the most part unseen.

We are reading a great deal to-day about the necessity of "Americanization" in the United States. We are reading a great deal about the organization which shall bring about that Americanization. Congress is talking about this very thing. Thoughtful citizens are talking about it. After all, is there any one thing that exists to-day, or anything that the wit of man can contrive in this matter of Americanization, that can compare with the public school? I do not think there is.

I cannot forget that years ago when I went as a young Deacon to Buffalo (where I am inter-

ested to learn Miss Caryl was born), my work was on the East Side where the parish was made up of workingmen, — men who handled freight, brakemen on the trains, and the like. We had a very large number of Germans in our congregation. I suppose they went to the Episcopal Church because it reminded them of the Church in which they had been brought up, and I remember going around to visit those young German mothers. (I always went into the kitchen, because that was where they were to be found.) One after another would say, "Mr. Mann, I wish you would speak to Hans and tell him how important it is that he should keep up his German. We speak it in the family because we believe that when he grows up it will be useful to him." I would say, "Now, Mrs. S——, what is the matter? Why does n't Hans speak German?" She would answer that Hans was afraid if he spoke German at home he would let a word drop in the school, and the boys would call him "A Little Dutchman," and Hans would not stand for that. Now, that was twenty-five years ago. Hans has been in America all that time, and the German-American people have been loyal citizens, as you know. I welcome all the agencies which take care of the men and women who come to make their homes in our country, but for the child, there is no agency like our public school.

Something has been said to-night about the

impression Miss Caryl made upon all with whom she came in contact, and it has been referred justly to her character. I wish people bore that in mind more. We are told sometimes that the public school cannot teach religion. The public school does teach religion in the most effective way in which religion can be taught. The school teaches it through the unconscious influence of Christian example. I do not know of any influence as lasting as this. Some have the unpleasant habit of contrasting our preaching with our practice. No one can say anything about that unconscious preaching which is the result of a Christian character and Christian love. As long as we have in our public schools men and women of Christian faith and Christian love, we have the most effective sort of preaching of the religion of Christ.

Now that is unquestionably what our friend Miss Caryl did. She revealed the gospel of Christ to many a thoughtless girl who probably did not think anything of it at the time, but who in years after wondered what was the cause of that sweet strain which she so admired in Miss Caryl, and she came to see that it was just the natural outcome of Miss Caryl's Christian faith.

I think you do well in these days to come together as you have to-night and pay this tribute of respect to a public school teacher who taught far more than the subjects in the curriculum, and who brought to bear upon hundreds of lives

a most potent and lasting influence of Christian example.

Letter from Miss Eliza G. Swett

As a classmate of Miss Caryl in the old Mason Street Normal School at its opening, may I send my loving tribute to her memory? We all admired and loved her, but as years passed on, she and I, both busy in teaching, seldom met, though we met always with the same loving interest of earlier days. I recall so vividly the trio, Harriet E. Caryl, Helen Avery and Margaret Badger, bright lights in the Normal chain.

At the dedication of the new building on Newton Street I was so happy to give my mite in form of a hymn to be sung, and my heart was ever with the graduating classes.

Harriet E. Caryl has endeared herself to thousands of pupils who will "rise up and call her blessed." And this is her fitting memorial.

As I am now an invalid, I can only send my hearty greetings to the gathering on May 2d.

Letter from Mrs. Mary Lathrop Tucker

I have been asked to write from the standpoint of a teacher coming into the school with no previous acquaintance with Miss Caryl. I believe I was first struck by her capability in a high administrative position. I marvelled at her masterly manipulation of the complicated and variable school programme. It seemed to me that

the schedule was incessantly changing to accommodate a new class or a shift among teachers or, in the true spirit of the school, to enable some ambitious group, or possibly a single pupil, to take an extra subject outside the regular class work.

But more than her executive ability I came to admire Miss Caryl's spirit. So far as I could see she never appeared burdened by any labor or responsibility. One of my constant school memories is of meeting her with that ever-insistent programme which she would perhaps wave on seeing me and exclaim with a whimsical laugh and twinkle of the eye, "See! my work is laid out for to-day! So and so in 2B wants to take this or that in 3A" — or whatever the case might be — "and so the whole row of bricks tumbles down." But she lightsomely tossed aside any expression of sympathy. It was all in the day's work and her strong and cheery attitude toward any task was a lesson and inspiration to me — then and ever since.

Letter from Mrs. Julia Jellison Wright

Miss Julia Jellison, a graduate of 1861, and a teacher in the school from 1869 to 1875, and again from 1878 to 1881, married an Englishman, Mr. Henry Wright, and has made her home in England since her marriage. But the ties of loyalty and affection which existed between her and the school, and especially between her and

Miss Caryl, have never been broken, and she has often come back to the school and written to it, so that she has always remained a part of its life and activities. She has carried on in England through the great war, a work as wise and loving as that which was so near her heart while a teacher here, and now on receipt of a picture of Miss Caryl, sent to her after Miss Caryl's death, she writes the following:

"A little photograph, reproduced from a long, past day, was sent me recently by a friend who well knew what pleasure it would give.

"It stands where I have looked at it daily, and has brought back, not only the face in early womanhood of her whose long life of service we are honoring to-day, but a host of attendant memories which I have been wishing I could discuss and exchange with some old friends who may be at the meeting. It would be a very comforting interlude in the strain of anxiety and the turmoil of unprecedented events through which we are passing.

"It is partly the unrelieved strain of these sad times which has brought out by vivid contrast the calm beauty of the young face at which I am looking. I see in this little picture with its individual grace of discipline and self-control, its own charm of sympathy, of friendly interest and humor, and with its fresh young earnestness, the dear teacher who when I was fifteen years old was only a few years in advance of me in life's march, little as I then realized it.

"I must not take time which will be better

filled by others to linger on the crowding memories connected with Miss Caryl. Of school life (over which brooded the shadow of the Civil War), of talks in school and out, every one of which left its seed of thought or inspiration, of later years when we worked together as colleagues, or of the still more recent years when I had more than once the pleasure of welcoming her in my own home. I sit and think of these by myself, in spirit joining you all.

"But the thought I would like to share with you is that the lesson of this dear life is one of calmness, of control and balanced effort. Neither in Miss Caryl's mind nor in her work were there ever any of those high flights of genius of which the too frequent penalty is alternative weariness and weakness. Her mind and methods were essentially restrained and sound, such as lend themselves to the ordered and dutiful service which was the fabric of her life, and lend themselves above all to that wide and wholesome influence it was her privilege to exert upon thousands of minds of the most diverse quality and race.

"That influence survives and will live long in thousands of homes of the city which owes her so large a debt of gratitude, in thousands of hearts of pupils who to-day are calling her memory blessed."

Address by Miss Mary C. Mellyn

I am glad to have a share in this tribute to Miss Caryl. It was not my privilege to know her in

the warm close relationship of personal friendship, for I am one of the hundreds of students whose life she touched and influenced unconsciously.

The fundamental elements in her teaching seem to have been, first, a spirit of reverence; secondly, a spirit of understanding sympathy, and thirdly, a spirit of generous service. We, who remember the astronomy lessons, recall the reverence with which Miss Caryl taught the works of God, and the immutable laws which govern the operation of the great natural forces; — never once in her teaching did we fail to appreciate that not only His word and His work were in harmony, but also that behind all this teaching was the abiding faith of a great teacher.

Secondly, we, who are the children of a newer people, recognized in Miss Caryl a sympathy wise and tender; an appreciation that our ideals and aspirations were high and fine and purposeful. Miss Caryl realized the fundamental principle of Americanization — a sympathetic appreciation of all that the newer races brought; and their sincere desire to give of their best to the country which symbolized "opportunity" to them. None of us can forget the smile of kindliness with which she met her girls as she passed them in the corridor, — her friendly morning greetings, her personal words of encouragement and faith in the student's powers; all her "little unremembered acts of kindness

and of love!" These made the days in her classroom dear to us all.

Thirdly, in the generous service which she gave so unremittingly, in the hours of extra help, in the wealth of knowledge with which she enriched lesson periods; in the many hours given over to reunions of classes, — all this marked her days. Is it to be wondered at that "life came more abundantly wherever she passed" ?

What was it all for? this dominant faith, this understanding sympathy, this generous service? It lifted the ideals of the young women whom she taught, and it gave a conscious and impelling example to all of her students who became teachers in our schools.

By the power of her life, she helped them to be true to the great trust which is theirs — to the great trust to which Miss Caryl herself was true — to so live and serve that a "people's vision shall not perish."

ADDRESS BY MISS KATHARINE H. SHUTE[1]

YOUR committee has asked me to speak for a few minutes in regard to Miss Caryl's influence upon her pupils. You will pardon me, I hope, if I repeat what others have already said this evening, for it has been my great misfortune to lose the other addresses owing to an engagement which I was able to shorten but not to postpone.

The fact of Miss Caryl's influence for good over her girls is one of those great, evident,

beneficent facts which we do not argue about because no one questions them. While she was with us, we accepted it, and we still accept it, very much as we accept the sunshine, and the rain, and the return of spring. Talk with any one of her pupils, from the members of those very earliest classes, of which there are now but few survivors, to the girls of 1903, who were the last to share the privilege of being taught day after day by her in their closing year in the school, and you get the same unvarying testimony. A member of the school in the early sixties — herself now about eighty years of age — has recently written to me: "Although but a few years older than many of us, such was the quiet dignity of Miss Caryl's daily life that she seemed old enough to awaken our absolute respect. To every one who knew her in any relation, the crowning trait of her altogether precious life was her sincerity." And the writer adds later on in her letter, "These are the thoughts that stay with me for days at a time, when circumstances especially call them to mind." Think of that, an influence that nearly sixty years afterwards revives in thoughts that are precious daily companions! In another letter, coming from the Pacific Coast, a woman of great usefulness, who was a pupil in the school forty years ago, says, "I did not know that Miss Caryl had passed away. She *was* and *is* a beautiful character. No one who knew her could ever forget her."

It has been my privilege — as one of the collectors for the memorial fund, with which we are to honor Miss Caryl's name, to read many such letters, breathing affection, loyalty, gratitude, expressing always pleasure in being given an opportunity — as one puts it — "to help keep her name in the living history of the school she served so well."

A pupil of twenty years ago recalls vividly a few quiet words spoken by Miss Caryl which fell upon her like oil on turbulent waters, in one of those moments of tense emotional experience when words may mar, or help to make, a soul, — words which helped this young girl to see the worthlessness of emotion unless it bore fruit in living deeds. And at the funeral service at Trinity Church, I saw one young girl — still a school girl — who was there not because Miss Caryl had ever been her teacher, not because she had ever even spoken with Miss Caryl, but because Miss Caryl had been the loved and honored teacher of her teachers and had helped to build up the school which this girl loved. Doubtless she was only one of many who had never known directly — but had inherited — an influence so rare and undying that it will always play a part in "the living history of the school."

It is time to speak more definitely, more analytically, of the nature of Miss Caryl's influence. She influenced us, but to what ends? She influenced us for good, but to what form of good?

She was but one of a group of very remarkable women whom we hold in grateful and living remembrance. They all influenced us for good, — one making us long to be thorough and scholarly; another to earn for ourselves the phrase which so perfectly described her, "a cultivated woman"; another by her sympathetic intimacy with books arousing our desire to know books as she did, to live in them, best of all to open their doors to others. It was not in these directions that Miss Caryl influenced most of us preëminently. She had a very fine, clear mind; she knew her subjects through and through; she was always a student and always growing; her administrative ability was remarkable; but although those of us who thought about it could not fail to recognize these things, — the way in which Miss Caryl affected us most profoundly was *to make us long to be good.* We have a foolish way of talking about "plain goodness"; I don't quite know what we mean by it, but I know that Miss Caryl stood for that preëminently in our minds and always will. Now that I try to analyze that "plain goodness," I wonder if you would agree with me that hers consisted primarily in a scrupulous conscientiousness — a sense of honor and duty, that is, that could not be set aside nor tampered with; and secondarily, in a kindness so constant, so pervading, that I have no words of my own that can do justice to it and must borrow the words of one of our own

poets and thinkers, when — in speaking of the nature of his friend — he says that in him

> "Glowed unexhausted kindliness
> Like daily sunrise, there."

No thoughtful person can have lived in daily contact with Miss Caryl without asking what the sources of her unswerving rectitude and inexhaustible kindliness were; what the hidden springs that fed the serene river of her life. These — at least — we are sure of, — a genuinely affectionate nature, an almost phenomenal lack of egotism, and a profound religious faith.

Miss Caryl's affection knew no moods; she did not welcome you to-day and ignore you to-morrow; she was always your friend, always interested in your enterprises, always pleased at your happiness, always sympathetic with your sorrows. You knew where to find her; you counted absolutely upon her.

Her lack of egotism, as I have just said, was phenomenal. I think that I have never known any one else in whom interest in self was equally conspicuous by its absence. Apparently she never spent any time in analyzing herself nor in explaining herself. She never seemed to be concerned about her effect upon others or their effect upon her. She was touched, and grateful, and even surprised, at the affection and devotion of other people for her, but she thought of it all in terms of their generous kindness, not in terms

of her own worthiness. This lack of egotism was — I suppose — at the root of the very wholesome and beautiful quality that characterized the devotion which her pupils felt for her. It was just what every right thinking woman would like to inspire, provided she thought about it at all. We felt toward Miss Caryl as one feels toward her mother, — toward a wise, companionable mother. Some of us had the wonderful good fortune to go away with her in the summer. What a companion she was — ready for every adventure, happy, even merry, equally friendly to all! I cannot imagine any element of morbidness ever entering into any girl's admiration for Miss Caryl. To speak plainly, I never knew a girl to be silly about Miss Caryl. One never hung about in the corridor to see her pass by; one went straight to her desk like a sensible human being, and always found there a welcome. Miss Caryl was one who neither felt nor inspired jealousy. I recall a happy after-school talk one day with Miss Badger, in which something led us to speak of jealousy. "I do not see why one person should be jealous of the affection shown for another," said Miss Badger, "now of course" — and she nodded her queenly head toward the room across the corridor, "I see how the girls love and admire Miss Caryl, but I am never jealous of her." That was beautiful in Miss Badger; I love to remember the way in which she said it;

but it was partly that straight-forward, transparent, unassuming quality in Miss Caryl that made it impossible to be jealous of her.

I should be very sorry to give the impression that Miss Caryl was good without effort. One day when she was helping me to see things straight — while I was still a school girl — she referred incidentally to the constant battle, the up-hill road, which she herself found life to be. And she added in a tone almost of reverence that her mother — who seemed to her very nearly perfect — had told her that she too was still struggling to be good.

Miss Caryl never made any secret of the source to which she turned for help and inspiration in her own struggle. She was as far from concealing her strong religious faith and feeling as she was from any pharisaical exhibition of it. I don't quite know how we knew, but we knew absolutely that her life was consecrated; that the Master Whom she served was as actual a presence in her daily life as the earthly friends whom she loved. Each great decision was made in the light of His wisdom; each faithful fulfilment of duty was accomplished in the joy of His presence.

Address of Miss Elizabeth L. Smith

This has been Miss Caryl's evening, perhaps even more truly than that other to which we turned in memory at the opening of our meet-

ing. We have felt her with us and I believe that her spirit, always so true and so humble, knows that we have spoken the truth about her. Once more, as so often before, she is sending us home from school with the desire and the inspiration to be more worthy of her teaching and example. With her how perfectly teaching and example were one!

Her light shone steadily before us to the glory of her Father in Heaven. Becoming a little child she entered the Kingdom of Heaven and showed us the light and peace in which she dwelt.

Can we not hear her now, saying: "I thank God that I have meant this to you. Try to be good children of our Heavenly Father." That we may hear this message in Miss Caryl's own words, I want to share with you two of my dearest memories of her.

Just as Miss Caryl was beginning her work, there came a time of delicate health which brought anxious fears lest she would never be strong enough or good enough to teach. She carried the trouble to her rector, Dr. Huntington. I will tell you the story in her own words.

"Dr. Huntington said to me: 'My dear child, I want you to stop all this, and every morning, before you go out to your work, kneel down and tell our Heavenly Father that you have a day's work to do for Him, and that you are going to try to do it, trusting Him to give you the

strength for it. Then go out and do it. At night come back and tell Him that if you have n't succeeded you will try again to-morrow. Do this every day of your life.' — And I *have*."

The many letters which I have received from Miss Caryl are full of expressions which reveal this childlike relation to God. I will share with you one of these, which I find in a reply to a letter of mine written to Miss Caryl upon her birthday, in which I had tried to make her understand what she was to the school and to us all. She replied:

"I am sure this is no outburst of birthday affection. I will take it, dear child, as an inspiration, and I will try to become more like what my Heavenly Father meant me to be when He made me."

My first gift from Miss Caryl was a copy of Faber's Hymns, a book which she deeply loved, for her spirit found itself at home with the childlike faith of the poet. Two lines from one of her favorites tell the story of her life.

> "Time and obedience are enough
> And thou a saint shalt be."

So circled lives she with Love's holy light,
That from the shade of self she walketh free;
She hath a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her
A dignity as moveless as the centre;
So that no influence of earth can stir
Her steadfast courage, nor can take away
The holy peacefulness, which, night and day,
Unto her queenly soul doth minister.

James Russell Lowell

THE HARRIET E. CARYL MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

All members of the Girls' High School, whether they were so happy as to have Miss Caryl for a teacher or not, feel that in her life and work we have a priceless possession which we must preserve for the school by establishing there a permanent memorial of her.

The most fitting form for such a memorial seems to be a scholarship fund, the income of which shall be given every year to a member of the graduating class whom her teachers consider worthy to receive it.

The word scholarship is used in its broadest sense, so that the gift may be used for study at a college or for any form of preparation for service which may be approved by the committee having it in charge.

This form of memorial seems the one which would best please Miss Caryl. She was always helping others in the spirit of love, and in this memorial we make it possible for her to keep this beautiful ministry unbroken.

The Girls' High School Association has committed to its branch, the Samuel Eliot Memorial Association, the work of raising the Memorial Fund. About three thousand dollars have already been received and the work is still going on.

It is earnestly hoped that every graduate of the school and every friend of Miss Caryl may have a share in her memorial.

No gift can be too large, nor any too small to be offered, since all are given as a sincere expression of true appreciation and grateful love.

Gifts to the scholarship may be sent at any time to the treasurer of the Memorial Fund, Miss Ida Hunneman, 11 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

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